

THE LEISURE HOUR

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—*Cowper.*



OLD ENOCH'S NOTIONS ABOUT GRAVES.

FAIRLY-CUM-FORELANDS;

OR, OUR PARISH AND SOME OF ITS PEOPLE.

CHAPTER VII.—IN THE CHURCHYARD—ABOUT GRAVES
AND GHOSTS—A TALK ABOUT GOOD LIVING.

"Digging a grave, Enoch?" said John Dixon, as he passed the churchyard, on his way from work.

"Summat like one," said Enoch, throwing up the earth.

No. 501.—August 1, 1861.

"Who's to lie in it?"

"Ercles Smith's little one."

"What! their last child gone?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, well; when did it die?"—John being startled out of his usual quiet and reserve by the circumstance.

"Two days back, I suppose; Ercles fetched Mr. Verity in the middle of the night, and he went."

"What a family that is!" said John.

"Ay, but may be they'll think on their ways now; I believe Mr. Verity preached a sermon to Eracles, when he caught him out of church, as he never had a chance of preaching to him in it; and it's took good effect; they say he means to give up the public-house and live tidy, and make Bet give up her idle ways."

"All the better; I'm glad on't."

"How careful you are with the sides, Enoch."

"Yes, I like to shape it comfortable like."

"Comfortable!" said John, laughing; "why, what difference to them as lies in it about the shape?"

"That's more than you and me can tell," said Enoch, drily.

"No, no," said John, "I can tell if you can't; why, man, it makes no difference at all."

Enoch went on digging in silence.

"I say it makes no difference," said John.

"I heard you," said Enoch, nodding his head on one side.

"And isn't it true?" said John.

"True, as you thinks so," said Enoch.

"But don't you think so?" said John.

"I don't know nothing about it," said Enoch, looking approvingly on the finished grave.

John was somewhat piqued, and replied, "You said you thought it made a difference."

"Stop a bit," said Enoch; "I said as you and me couldn't tell what difference it made."

"Well, well, that's all the same as the other."

Enoch looked calmly at the grave, and, striking his spade in the earth, said, "That's as pretty a grave as I'd wish to lie in, for the size on it."

"Well, if ever you dig a grave for me, Enoch, you needn't be particular; I shan't trouble you on the account of it; so long as you put me in safe, I'll be satisfied."

"May be I mightn't fancy to be so nice over yours, John, with your leave or without," said Enoch, gathering up his tools and putting them in his barrow; "but I hopes I shall do my duty by you, and give you a tidy one anyhow."

"And what's the reason you take so much more pains with one than another?" said John, a little mortified by Enoch's coolness.

"I got my reasons," said Enoch. "Now this 'ere little creatur that's going to lie here is a blessed little saint, and I shall quite enjoy the service over him. You know that part, John, about the resurrection? well, it's so pleasant to hear that over one that's gone to glory, and no doubt about it."

An unpleasant intimation was conveyed in this speech, that Enoch would not feel the same certainty about John Dixon.

"You're a strange fellow, Enoch; you pretend you can't tell whether the dead concern themselves about their graves, and yet you *do* know, it seems, what souls go to heaven: that's what you mean, I reckon."

Enoch cleaned his shoe on his spade.

"I suppose one may have a chance of going to heaven though one doesn't die a baby?" continued John.

"Hope so," said Enoch, cleaning the other shoe.

"And why shouldn't I have a chance?" said John.

"Ay, why not?" said Enoch.

"You seemed to think just now I hadn't," said John.

"It isn't all as has the chance as—" Enoch stopped.

"As improves upon it?" said John.

Enoch nodded.

"Well, there is some random fellows—it isn't my way to backbite—as you might doubt about; but I don't think as good living folk is to be put wi' them."

Enoch was silent, not from want of something to say, but from lack of power to say it to his satisfaction; his thoughts travelled slowly always, and now, before he could arrange one answer according to his mind, John brought forward another proposition; he grew puzzled and looked wistfully at his barrow, regretting that he had stirred up the argument; but he felt that he must say something—his office, as a sort of ecclesiastic, made it imperative.

"I don't know, John, and I maintain the same, what difference the grave makes to the dead. I don't mean to the body as lies there—of course that's foolishness; but may be the spirit as looks to be coupled wi' it again in the resurrection may take a delight to see it lie comfortable, and *that's* what I mean."

"Well," said John, "I didn't take your meaning before; but do you believe in ghosts, Enoch?"

"Yes," said Enoch.

"Well, well!" said John.

"Don't you?" said Enoch.

"No, nor no such grandmother's tales," said John.

"Why, John! say your 'Belief,' man."

"Oh," said John, who had said it for many years without attaching much meaning to the words, "*that's* a different thing."

"Well, John, a ghost is a spirit, and you and me's got ghosts in us now."

John looked uncomfortable.

Enoch felt himself in the ascendant, and went on more freely. "You see, John, when the spirit is gone from the body, there's no saying whether it knows what happens to it or not; but to my thinking, what Mr. Verity said in that pretty discourse he made at Easter was very true; don't you remember?"

John didn't like to say he didn't, and Enoch, thankful to have got so happily out of his dilemma, made a move to his barrow. "Yes, but you was a saying, Enoch, as you was sure of some going to heaven, and not of others." Enoch looked troubled at this renewal of the combat, and stood irresolute. John continued, "You seemed as if you should have a bad opinion of me, by what I could make out."

"You ar'n't come to the end, John, yet," said Enoch, moving towards the barrow.

"Well, but now, suppose as you was to have to bury me now, I'd like just to know what you'd settle about me at this present."

"At this present!" said Enoch, casting about in his mind how to answer with truth and discretion.

"Ay, at this present."

"Well," said Enoch, after a pause, "what d'ye think yourself, John? of course you've got your own ideas about it."

"Oh, I can't say," said John; "I wouldn't be so conceited of my goodness as to be sure to go to heaven."

"Then, if you don't know for yourself, John, you can't expect of me to know it for you," said Enoch, with astonishing quickness.

"Why, nobody can know," said John.

"Yes, Job knowed, and Paul knowed, and a many more."

"Oh, but you won't go to compare us wi' them in the Bible," said John.

"All sinners," said Enoch; "and in that particular, where's the difference? But there's some out of the Bible, as there's no doubt has the knowledge of their own salvation."

"Ah, you're a thinkin' o' Mr. Verity."

"Well, if any one has got the witness of the Spirit, he has," said Enoch, reverently; "I'm sure he is a 'looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life,' (that was his text, you remember, John, Sunday was a week;) but I were a thinkin' just then of my mother: she were a proof to me that a sinner out of the Bible may know he is saved, as well as a sinner in it."

"Well, I hope as I shall never have the conceit in me to be sure of going to heaven till I gets there."

"Ah, I see," said Enoch; "you reminds me, John, of what my mother used to say: 'There's some as thinks to honour God by disbelieving him.'"

"But I don't do nothing o' the kind, Enoch," said John, angrily. "Now, do you mean to say as you're sure of going to heaven yourself?"

"Ye see, John," said Enoch, taking up his barrow handles, "you won't have to dig my grave, so it's no matter for you to be persuaded about me."

"No, no," said John, seeing the movement, "but I'd just like to know your thoughts about that."

Enoch did not like to decline the challenge, nor could he on a sudden frame a reply. "May be, John," he said at last, "there's no partickler good in talking of one's self; but as for the conceit you was a speakin' of, I don't see it: I know this, if I don't go to heaven till my goodness takes me there, I shall never get there at all; but may be I'm one o' them as has 'fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before 'em.' I hope there's no conceit in that."

This humble confession so far relieved Enoch's spirit, that he felt disposed to continue what he had so reluctantly entered on; and, sitting on his barrow, he said, "Now, John, what's your opinion about the cities of refuge? don't you believe as a man knowed if he was in 'em or out of 'em?"

"I suppose so," said John, who was ignorant of the Bible altogether, and especially so of the Old Testament.

"And them as was bit by the serpent, don't you suppose as them as was healed by the brazen serpent knowed it?"

"Oh yes, of course," said John, getting rather shy of the subject.

"Well, wasn't these things 'written for our example?' said Enoch, growing braver on the re-treating enemy.

"May be," said John, who didn't know the words were a quotation. "Nay, it's no 'may be,'" said Enoch.

"Well," said John, "it's my dinner time, and Dolly will wonder what's come of me, for I told her I should be home to-day;" and they parted, Enoch revolving in his mind how it was that he had felt it so difficult to declare the hope that was in him, and John to ponder over the things Enoch had said.

"I never heard him talk so much before," said John; "he's got a queer way of thinking, but it were his mother's way; and he's took to it, but I'm sure as there's no good in conceit and pride, any way;" and so he went home, and Dolly was much perplexed at his unusual absence of manner, and the little interest he took in her questions about using the small potatoes for the pig.

Shortly after this, Mr. Verity was returning from Forelands, and John overtook him.

"Been shepherding, John?" said Mr. Verity.

"Yes, sir."

"So have I, and I hope one stray sheep is tired of wandering—Ercles Smith."

"Well, I hope he'll turn to good living now."

"I hope so; but John, what do you call good living?"

"Why, sir, being honest and industrious, and keeping church and making a good end."

"I don't think you have quite taken in all the commandments, John."

John was silent.

"You believe that a good living man is sure of heaven, don't you?"

John thought of Enoch.

"What is your hope, John?"

"I hope as I shall make my peace at the last."

"Don't put it off, John; I honestly tell you, I am very uneasy about your soul, and I would have you examine yourself."

"Well, I don't think any one can lay to my door, that I'm not a good living man, and ever have been; no one is more particular for keeping church, I'm sure; and as to bad words, you won't hear one from my mouth; and I don't know what you would have."

"Well, John, I'll tell you what I would have—not from you only, but from every one who looks to enter the kingdom of heaven—obedience to Jesus Christ."

"Well, and don't I show obedience? Please to tell me where I don't, sir."

"My friend," said Mr. Verity "will you candidly answer a few questions without taking offence?"

"Yes, sir, I hope so," said John.

"What is your motive in rising up early and toiling till late, in denying yourself that you may lay by for your children, which brings you the character of so excellent a husband and father?"

"It's my duty," said John.

"Do you mean you do it because it is your duty to God?"

"I suppose so," said John.

"I don't think so," said Mr. Verity; "I think you do it partly for the sake of a good name, partly for the sake of your family, and partly and chiefly because you are naturally thrifty and industrious,

and cannot help following out your instincts. I really don't think you have any need of the constraining love of Christ to make you do this. But once more, why do you go to church regularly, and have your children baptized, and make them learn the catechism?"

"Well, I suppose *that's* religion at any rate," said John, who thought he might answer now.

"Is it not rather because it all is a part of your idea of respectability? I have often noticed you at church, John, and I don't reproach you, but I have seen you look quite indifferent, even half asleep, yes, and often quite asleep, when I have been trying to bring before you the unspeakable love of God. You never have the look at church of a humble sinner; you seem well satisfied that you are there; and while your children are well dressed and well behaved in the eyes of the congregation, it strikes me you care for no more. But stay, John," he continued, seeing he was about to speak, "I might have hoped I was deceived in all this, but for one act of disobedience that you cannot excuse: you never come to the Lord's Supper."

John muttered something about not being fit for it, that many who went to it were hypocrites, and that he was no hypocrite, and didn't want to pass for better than he was.

"Yes, yes, John, I know all this by heart," said Mr. Verity; "it is the common talk of all who shut their hearts against God; but let me tell you that if you had been born again, you would not have turned your back on the table of the Lord, to which he has bidden all his servants. As to your being unworthy, you have just said that you shall make a good end and go to heaven; if you are worthy to enter his presence in the kingdom of glory, how can you be unworthy to seek it in his kingdom of grace?"

"Well, sir," said John, it's hard at my time of life, when I've done my best every way, to be told I'm no Christian."

"John, it isn't my thinking or calling you Christian or unchristian that will affect you: there is One who sees the heart. It has often been a great comfort to me to commit myself to him, when I have been misjudged by my fellow creatures; it may be that I have judged and spoken harshly of you; but deal faithfully with yourself, and look back on your respectable life, and see what your heart has been set on throughout its course. Jesus says, 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God and his righteousness; take this to try yourself by; have you done it in time past? are you doing it now?'"

John was silent.

Mr. Verity said with much kindness: "John, I little expected to have been able thus to speak to you. I have often tried to tell you my mind, but have found you so close shut up, I could not get at you; to-day you have sought it from me: I am very glad you have. Now remember, to enter the kingdom of heaven you must be washed from your sins in the blood of Christ, and you must be clothed in his righteousness. If you don't feel and know this in some degree, you are not living to God, and therefore cannot be a good-living man."

More conversation followed. Mr. Verity urged several portions of Scripture on John's attention,

begging him to read them; John was not convinced, but he was made uneasy, and when he took his pipe that evening, Dorothy had some misgivings as to something having gone wrong. When she returned from putting the children to bed, she found him leaning over the family Bible. He shut it hastily; but from that time the mind of John Dixon changed—slowly, but surely; by degrees Enoch became the "man of his counsel," and many a conference they had together. There was no direct profession on John's part; but Enoch felt that another spirit was in him, and to talk with him now was increasingly easy and pleasant.

Meantime, a great change took place at the vicarage; a son was born, and the beneficial effects on all were great. Mr. Verity's gratitude and joy shone in increased love to all around him; Mrs. Verity forgot her antipathies to the parish, and Betty forgave or at least overlooked her mistress's faults from that day.

CHAPTER VIII.—A TEA PARTY AT THE VICARAGE—SUMMER COME.

It was Alice Berners' wedding day, and Mrs. Verity had invited all the villagers to the vicarage. "How shall we amuse them, Charles?" said she; "I am afraid the magic lantern will please the children only."

"Oh, show the mothers your baby, and talk to them about theirs," said Mr. Verity.

"I wish, Charles, it were well over," said she.

"Courage, Henrietta. What is that red thing among the trees?"

"Oh, it is Dorothy Dixon; what can she want already?"

"What? why, her tea, of course."

"But it is hardly four o'clock."

"Just four," said Mr. Verity, looking at his watch, "and by their clocks five at least. Now, then, is Betty ready?"

But Mrs. Verity had taken refuge in her nursery, leaving her husband to receive the company. The tea-drinking had been of her own proposing, in the fulness of her heart, and the first thought of it was pleasant.

But now the fact was before her, she repented of her precipitate philanthropy. Not so Mr. Verity; he had received her proposal with delight, and willingly gave himself up to the work; the light of Dorothy's scarlet shawl was therefore only a signal to him that it was time for action. Betty was a much more valuable help than her mistress; she was one of the few left of old-fashioned servants. She had lived with Mr. Verity from the time of his ordination, when he was a bachelor, and he was as dear to her as the apple of her eye. Betty looked as if she never had been young, and never would be old; she looked as if she had been born into the world ready dressed in her neat crimped cap, sober gown and check apron, with her ladle in her hand, ready to dish up dinner, with her opinions on all things ready formed, none of them having in any way changed since.

Betty did not like her mistress. Mrs. Verity not having had much experience in servants, supposed it was a necessary consequence, when servants

and houses came in contact, that everything proper would be done; but Betty knew better, and there was a self-righteous twinkle in her eye; she would say to herself, "It's well for her she's got me." She would thus meditate while darning her master's socks in the evening, for Betty never meditated in the day unless in ejaculations.

There was one respect in which Mrs. Verity and Betty sympathized: she had no predilection for the parishioners; they had offended her by not coming to church. Enoch Fleet would give her his opinion of the human heart as exhibited in Fairly; he would lament over the hardness of the people in not being more ready to listen to so excellent a minister; and Betty would darn away at the socks and shake her head with a solemn Amen to all he said. With the depravity of the human heart generally, she did not concern herself; but that the hearts of the Fairly people were as bad as could be, she was certain. Such was Betty; but we must go back to Mr. Verity, who, before he greeted his guests, went to see if all was ready.

And now the work began in earnest; remarkable feats were performed at the tables. Betty declared that Sally Brown's little boy could not shut his mouth when tea was over, and she did not think he would be able to do it before the next morning.

At last tea was over, and the lantern was in its glory, and Mr. Verity was in his.

"Do but hear him," said Betty to Enoch, who had come as a part of the ecclesiastical establishment, and stood in an amateur style surveying the whole. "He knows everything, doesn't he, Enoch? I never saw any one like Master."

"No, and you are never like to do it," said Mrs. Bletherby, who had stolen up softly behind. Betty had an intuitive dislike to Mrs. Bletherby; she turned round sharply, and said, "I didn't know any one was there." To which, in her most silvery tones, Mrs. Bletherby replied, "When we speak good words, it's no matter who hears us, is it, Mr. Fleet?"

But Mr. Fleet had turned away.

"Where's your neighbour?" said Betty, who did not thank Enoch for leaving her with Mrs. Bletherby.

"Oh, she is busy with Lois Ryle, her cousin."

"Lois Ryle! she used to get tipsy, didn't she?"

"Yes, but she's quite reformed of that."

"What do you mean by 'that'?" said Betty.

"Well," said Mrs. Bletherby, sighing, "it's hard to say; but I'd just ask you now, ma'am, what your opinion is of those two girls?"

"Why, I think they look like 'scare the crows,'" said Betty.

"Well, Lois lets these girls dress up in this way, and, as I say, where is it to come from? you know (she said significantly) they must get it somewhere."

"Well, I don't think they are worse than those other girls."

Mrs. Bletherby coloured. "They are my nieces," she said; "they are in good situations."

"What do you mean by situations—places?" said Betty.

"As you please," said Mrs. Bletherby, rather ruffled.

"Well, if they are in service, call it *place*, woman. I'm a servant, and I'm in place, and that's my master, and that is my mistress. Now-a-days the servants are too fine to make up their mouths to say 'master, or mistress.'"

"Oh, it's very wrong to be so proud," said Mrs. Bletherby, recovering a little.

"Now-a-days, when they go for a place, it's 'light work' they ask for; 'I hope the washing is put out.'"

"What a good thing it has been for you, having had such a place! what a deal you owe to our excellent minister!" said Mrs. Bletherby, holding up her hands and shaking her head.

"Well, I suppose I was born with common sense. I don't owe *that* to him, though I do plenty," she muttered to herself.

At length the entertainment was over. "Are you not glad they have been?" said Mr. Verity.

"And are gone! I confess."

"Fie, Henrietta, don't spoil the sacrifice by a grudging spirit."

"No, dear, I rejoice that they were happy, and don't mind having been uncomfortable; won't that do?"

"For want of better," said Mr. Verity, laughing.

ANOTHER TURKISH BATH.

I sit down to give you my impressions fresh from the Turkish Bath; fresh I can hardly call it, though, for I am as weary as if I had been walking all day in the sun. My pulse labours. Though the violence of the storm which excited it has passed, I have still a heavy ground-swell in my veins. It is true I feel clean, uncomfortably so; but I am both tired and thirsty.

I read the advertisements so often, that I thought I would try. Having rung the street bell, I was shown into a hall with a lobby, where I was instructed to take off my boots and put on a pair of red slippers. Leading out of this hall was a corridor or passage, with a number of small cells or closets on the left-hand side, each about the bigness of a cab, and screened by a red curtain. Here bathers strip, and leave their clothes. I was shown into cell No. 3, and, having effected the object for which the modest receptacle was constructed, wondered what would come next. A sheet and a red wrapper were handed in; I put them on; an attendant then led me along the passage, and, pushing aside a curtain which hung before a door at the end, showed me into a largish room, furnished with red sofas set all around like beds in a hospital. There were several patients, just brought up from the bath, and, with more or less covering on, laid to cool.

Passing through this room, I descended what looked like some cellar steps. On the wall facing you as you go down, is a large pier glass. The attendant had draped the sheet about me so artistically, that I recognised in my reflexion a remarkable likeness to Abd-el-Kader as he appears in the windows of photographic shops. When I got to the bottom of the steps, the attendant took off my slippers, gave me a pair of large wooden clogs, and

ushered me at one step into the Tepid Room. Here my sheet was taken from me and I was handed to a vacant chair in a corner of the chamber. There were nine others altogether; two were lying on low benches, waiting to be shampooed. Nobody spoke a word. The scene reminded me of the Morgue, at Paris, only the corpses were alive. Presently we got up a desultory conversation. Several were old stagers; but three or four, like myself, were there for the first time. One was very nervous; two had quite a brisk little dispute about the temperature.

"Very hot this," said a bald old gentleman; "I should say it was 160 degrees." "160 degrees!" cried his next neighbour; "not above 110 degrees." "Nonsense," said Paterfamilias, "it's 160 degrees." "But there is the thermometer," rejoined his companion; "let us see;" and, getting up, he looked. It was 115 degrees. "Very likely," replied the first; "but I don't care for the thermometer, it's wrong. I know better, it's 160 degrees." Really, the old gentleman was excusably warm; but if he could have seen himself there in extreme *déshabille* and confidence, he would have smiled as I did. The gentleman who had appealed to the thermometer folded his arms in dignified perspiration, while Paterfamilias looked round on the assembly, conscious of the victory which attends the utterance of the last words under any circumstances.

By this time we were getting cooked. The attendants every now and then came round and felt our backs, to see if we were ready for the hot room. "You can go in if you like," said one to me, when I had waited for nearly half an hour; then, pushing aside a curtain which hung over a doorway, he led me into another apartment, where the mercury really marked 160 degrees. The process already begun by the pores was now carried on more rapidly; and on reflecting that a man is said to be composed of nine pails of water, with a small proportion of material for bone and skin, one began to apprehend a very practical realization of this statement. We all were falling to pieces very fast. The thought occurred that we had, a few minutes before, been ourselves the steam which filled the room. Should we pass into it altogether? Were we, then, cannibals? Of course, in breathing we swallowed a great deal of one another. We were shrinking fast; where did we go to? We were not on the floor; that was hot and dry. I was not sorry to find the term of my imprisonment suddenly expire, and be led back by the jailor into the tepid room and laid upon the rack to be shampooed. He began with my eyes, pressing his thumb gently upon them; then he pulled my nose, my ears, my beard, running his fingers in under the hair like a barber introducing grease to the roots. When he had done my head, he kneaded me gradually all over, cracked my fingers, caught my heel up in the air and doubled me up, tried to pull my toes out by the roots, and then turned me flat upon my face, flourishing away over me as if I were being bastinadoed.

Indeed, he said he was getting my skin off, and showed me long rolls of something in his hands, which could not answer to that covering in any man, unless he were black!

Conscious in my own heart of perhaps more than an ordinary amount of washing; knowing that my frame had, in my case, more care than most men give; I am not ashamed to express my belief that these long pellets which the attendant showed me were made, not of skin, but some dirty substance brought forward by his legerdemain. Whether this was "matter in its wrong place" is, of course, the question at issue. I am inclined to think it was not. We were never intended to be so clean as this—to have the inner chambers of every pore squeezed empty. It is absurd to say that the Turkish bath gives you merely the benefit of exercise without fatigue; for no perspiration, however great, no movement of the muscles, however complete, produces the result of shampooing. I am inclined to think this is the element which makes the Turkish bath uncomfortable to many, dangerous to some. The skin plays a most important part in the machinery of life. Now as, to an ignorant layman like myself, the Turkish bath apparently affects the skin more than anything else, it must, if this be the case, have a proportional influential effect, for good or evil, on the whole system, with which the skin has such quick sympathy. Whatever it may do to others, it made me irritable and feverish.

When I had been shampooed sufficiently, I was taken into a third room, more like a back yard roofed over than anything else, and, being set on a kind of sink, had hot water played upon me with a hose. Then the attendant, taking a big brick of soap in his hand, lathered me all over. When I had been well soaped, he retired a yard or two, and taking up a hose charged with cold water, pumped upon me as if I had been a house on fire.

Thus cleansed of the lather, he left me, still standing over the sink, as clean as a skinned rabbit which cook has been washing for the pot, and wrapping me dexterously in my sheet from head to foot, made a sort of cowl out of part of it, to come round my face—Abd-el-Kader again. Then he led me into the hot chamber for a few minutes, to counteract the chill of the cold water, and took me up the cellar stairs to the upper room, where I was left for a while upon a sofa to dry and reflect. Coffee was offered, and a cigar, if I pleased—both of which I declined. In about ten minutes the attendant pronounced me dry, and, telling me to dress gently, asked me also to walk quietly when I left the house. This advice may be intended to heighten the patient's sense of the charm to which he has been exposed; but I noticed that several bathers walked off with a drowsy, muddled sort of gait, as if they were unable quite to collect the sensations connected with the outer world.

I fancy that several of those whom I met there, met then for the first and last time in a Turkish bath. When you are once in, you don't like to be beaten, and go through with the thing; but it is a tedious business. I was two hours at it. Expectation, however, helped to shorten the time. One is interested in wondering what they will do with you next. Paterfamilias would have gone through anything; had they asked him to step into a copper of boiling water, he would have done it, I

am su
been
which
that i
WI
bath
Whe
Joh
the i
induc
Engli
Turki
vince
Britis
major
holder
they l
gested

THE
THE
of St
bed a
8th o
of hu
might
and t
tion.
and t
less le
high
thude
ceding
in the
would
where
such i
this a
the ov
this v
ruin, a
An
sure, t
old Pa
turner
court
of pite
the oc
heave
jacket
are th
wide,
the se
dous v
what
over t
bright
Jersey
neck
grown
featur
they a
descri
citem

am sure; but of all the postures in which he has been exhibited to a smiling world, I never saw one which developed his heroic resolution so much as that in the bath.

What is the reason of this rage for the Turkish bath? It is, to us, a new thing—that is the answer. When the "Times" advertises this new sensation, John Bull hurries to the sacrifice. Nothing but the indomitable spirit of British enterprise could induce respectable men, fathers of families, far less English ladies, to submit to the processes of a Turkish bath. Nothing, as I sat and stewed, convinced me more of the reserve of pluck in the British lion, than the spectacle of ten men—the majority more than forty years of age—householders—stewing in a hot cellar, simply because they found that a fresh enterprise had been suggested to them by busy speculators.

THE SEA-WEED HARVEST IN JERSEY.

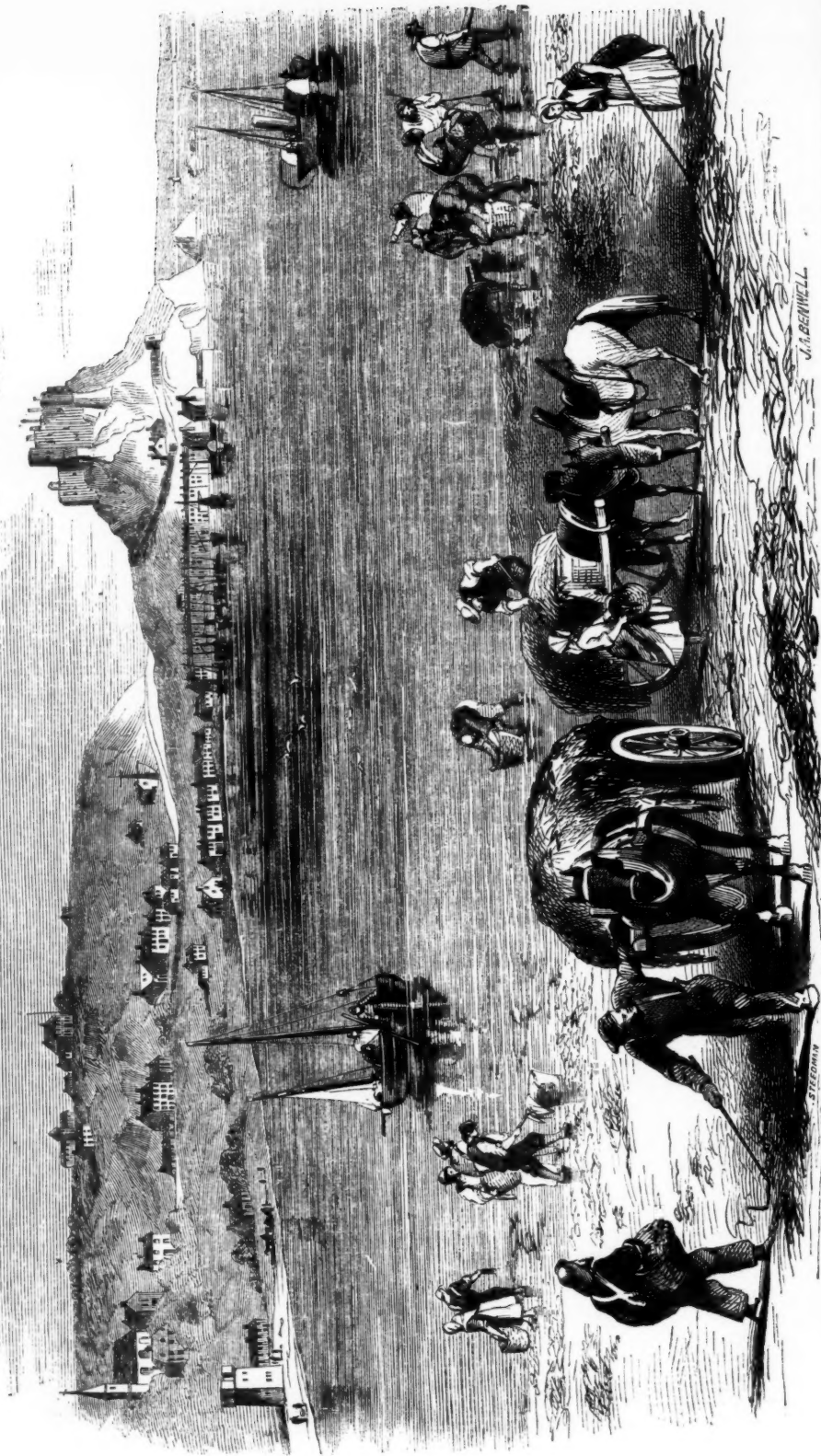
The stranger residing in the quiet little parish of St. Brelade, in Jersey, is startled out of his bed at an unseemly hour on the morning of the 8th of March, by a tremendous tumult and rush of human beings. Looking out of window, he might conclude that the whole island is possessed, and that they are rushing to their own destruction. It has been blowing a fierce gale all night, and the surf is positively boiling over the countless ledges of rocks that line the sea-side; but the high water is subsiding, and the impatient multitude of men, women, and children chase the receding tide step by step, in their anxiety to be early in the field of labour. In ordinary metaphor, one would say the people were going to rack and ruin, whereas in reality they are only going to rack, for such is the term used by the Jerseyites to designate this annual harvest gathering from off the rocks, of the *vraick* or sea-weed; and upon a good supply of this *vraick* is calculated the fortune, and not the ruin, of the harvesters.

And what a motley assemblage they present, to be sure, to the unaccustomed eye of the stranger. An old Pagan would have fancied that Neptune had been turned out of his briny empire, and was holding high court on the rocky sea shore, so great is the quantity of pitchforks being flourished about, so amphibious the costume of the multitude of flourishers. Coal-heavers' hats or sou'-westers, sea-boots and monkey jackets, huge beards and well-tarred inexpressibles, are the prevailing features among the men. Loose, wide, coarse cloth jackets, and short petticoats of the same material; stout woollen hose and tremendous wooden sabots; and head-dresses varying from what looks like a good-sized napkin, folded square over the head and fastened under the chin with a bright red handkerchief, down to that essentially Jersey bonnet, which drapes over the back of the neck and shoulders, and looks like a baby's bonnet grown to maturity: these are the distinguishing features amongst the women. As for the children, they are perfect hybrids, and beyond the powers of description. There they are, in a state of eager excitement, some driving lumbering carts, some wheel-

ing barrows, and others laden with baskets and huge gunny-bags. Some are armed with pitchforks, some with scythes, others with huge pocket-knives, and all laughing, screaming, and shouting, slipping and sliding, until the descent over the slippery rocky bankside has been fairly accomplished: and then away they go, carts and barrows and baskets, and even common chests, metamorphosed for the nonce into conveyances, upon four small wheels; away they go, helter-skelter over the slippery, slimy surface of the ground, from which the tide had barely yet receded, and so reach the first ledges of sea-weed covered rocks, and carry them by assault as gallantly as was ever a Redan, and not without some small danger of broken shins and heads into the bargain. The upraised scythes glitter for an instant in the early sunlight, and then fall sharp and keen upon the thickly set dark green masses of weed. The vraick harvest has commenced in earnest.

There is abundance of sea-weed at all seasons of the year to be picked up along the sea-side during low water; and vast quantities of this are collected and consumed by the poorer classes, first as fuel for their own domestic purposes, and then the ashes are disposed of to farmers and landed proprietors, who use it as manure. But it is strictly forbidden, under heavy penalty, to cut the vraick from off the rocks, except at this particular season of the year; and, as the season for cutting it is limited, and the cutting can only be accomplished during the brief intervals that the tide is out, night and day the people are indefatigable in reaping as much as they can. Like the seasons and licences for shooting grouse and other game, so also the sea-weed can only be touched when it is supposed to be arrived at maturity; when, being full of sap and nourishment, it affords, in that state, essential and highly beneficial nutriment to the soil. Those possessed of farms and plantations, employ boats as well as carts and other means to amass as much as they can of this valuable manure. The boats can go out to rocks inaccessible to others, even at the very lowest tides, and having but little opposition to contend against, they have it all to themselves. During the remainder of the year, the sea-weed on the rocks is left unmolested, save by occasional fierce tempests, when the conjoint force of wind and tide wrench not only masses, roots and all, from off the rocks, but oftentimes dislodge large pieces of the rocks themselves. If there is any place in the world that can afford to be deprived of some of its rocks, that place is certainly the island of Jersey, as poor mariners too well know to their sorrow.

About midday, or when the tide is on the turn again, the tired-out rackers rest themselves awhile on the rock or the beach-side, and produce from pockets and baskets the vraick cake, which is something like a goodly-sized currant bun, and affords a most welcome lunch to the tired labourers. By and by they will go home to a sumptuous dinner, for racking day is a great anniversary amongst these people, and a joyous festival, when, after the toils of the day, they feast and make merry over their spoils. In the interval every one has made as many intermediate trips as he or she could manage between the rocks and the shore,



SEA-WEED HARVEST IN JERSEY.

each ti
throw
high w
to its
betwe
another

Ever
sea-we
butche
speaks
the pa
stance

woman
rapid g
wherev
of leam
Irishm
next, t

will be
gallons
The ve
with s
grubs
could u
thousa

merrily
ing of
and th
Every
vraick

quires
poor li
foot so
howev
these

Tim's
they d
sea-we
very g
in daz
chains

get ho
boldly
rat" by
This

its sup
light
by the
ear, so
dainty

winkle
and p
fisher
his lip
such t
and m

a hun
licate
truth
works

MY

ONCE
I am

each time adding to the store of sea-weed, which is thrown upon the beach just beyond the reach of high water. This is afterwards removed at pleasure to its destination, the strictest honour existing between the rackers as to not filching from one another's heaps.

Everybody in Jersey has something to say about sea-weed on this glorious 8th of March. The butcher at his stall, slicing off goodly steaks, speaks loudly of the benefit the vraink will be to the pasturage, and so increase the weight and substance and even flavour of the meat. The old woman who rears pigs is in mental rapture at the rapid growth of mangel wurzel and turnip radishes, wherewith to fatten her pork into alternate layers of lean and fat (she is ignorant, poor woman, of the Irishman's plan of starve one day and feed the next, to produce this desideratum). The meadows will be clothed with cowslips, and the cows produce gallons of extra milk and pounds of fresh butter. The very hens are going to take kindly to laying, with such a splendid perspective before them of grubs amongst the seaweed. I dare say, if we could understand the lark and the linnet, and the thousand other feathered songsters carolling so merrily in the sunlight, that they also are singing of these treasures of the deep, and the flies and the little worms that will cluster about them. Everything and everybody sings in praise of vraink to-day. If pompous Le Jerrat Bigvig requires it for his vast and fertile estates, so does poor little Timothy Knucklebones, who has twelve foot square of ground, with his cottage cramful, however, of roses and sweet briar; and how could these flourish and scent the air, cheering poor Tim's solitude in the long summer evenings as they do, were it not for the annual application of sea-weed? Tim, in his ordinary costume, is gay, very gay indeed, coming out, as he sometimes does, in dazzling waistcoats and plated Albert watch chains; but he cannot afford to employ another to get home his supply of sea-weed, and so he comes boldly into the field himself, looking like a "drowned rat" by the time he has finished for the day.

This clearing from the rock sides and surface of its superabundant crop of sea-weed curls brings to light other hidden treasures of the deep—oysters by the basketful, cockles, the sea oreille (or human ear, so called from its shape), supposed to be a dainty peculiar to this island, and millions of perriwinkles and other shell-fish. Shrimps, and crabs, and prawns, also now abound; and whilst the fisherman fills his basket, and the gourmand smacks his lips, you and I can pick up, if we are fond of such things, wonderful shells and sea anemones, and many other strange and curious things, besides a hundred different specimens of beautiful and delicate seaweed of innumerable bright hues; for of a truth the sea also abounds with God's marvellous works.

MY RECOLLECTIONS OF THE SOMERS ISLANDS.

CHAPTER V.—THE CAVES.

ONCE upon a time the poet Moore visited Bermuda. I am not in a position to say the number of poems

and odes which he composed whilst in that poetic land, neither can I say how long he remained there; it was long enough, however, to induce the inhabitants of St. George's to name a calabash tree after him. Why they did so I cannot tell you; possibly because he sought the inspiration of the poetic muse—*Anglicé*, wrote verses—beneath that tree; probably because, like us, in the company of the presiding geniuses of the island—the Mirandas and Ariels of the nineteenth century—he there "pic-nicked." Be this as it may, "Moore's calabash tree" was, in my day, a favourite resort for the picnickians of St. George's.

No sooner had we all landed, than "What shall we do next?" was the universal question. "Do? go and see the caves, of course," said somebody.

"Well, to be sure," said Mrs. Foljam, "only think of our forgetting the caves, the chief point of attraction here."

"Not the chief point, ma'am," said Tom Smith, thinking of the bery of young ladies, who were smoothing their dresses and adjusting their hats, which had become rather disarranged with the perils of the voyage. His gallant speech was lost on Mrs. Foljam, who replied: "Indeed, Mr. Smith, we have nothing so much thought of about here as the caves, I assure you."

Tom Smith bowed, smiled, and, picking up a small glove which lay at his feet, observed, "A singular shell this, Mrs. Foljam."

Do not frown, grave reader; in the playful cheerfulness of a pic-nic *al fresco* much is said that might not suit graver occasions; and you will see the reason, by and by, for my giving these fragments of what was said and done that day.

"It is indeed; why, I declare it's a glove. Whose can it be? One of those careless girls, I dare say, has dropped——"

"Oh, thank you, aunt, that's my glove; where did you find it?" said a particularly musical voice.

"I did not find it anywhere, Fanny; Mr. Smith picked it up this minute from the sands."

A smile, a blush, a curtsy, and "Thank you very much," rewarded the gentleman.

"Dear me," said Mrs. Foljam, "how formal, to be sure, bowing and curtsying to each other like strangers."

"My dear madam, I have never had the honour of being introduced to Miss Blake."

"Haven't you indeed? But I forget; Fanny is only just come from the United States; she is my niece, you know. Now then—Miss Blake, Mr. Smith; Mr. Smith, Miss Blake." The lady and gentleman laughed, bowed, and looked pleasant; all frigidities had passed away. Such is the talismanic effect of an introduction.

And now we all started off for the caves, which were about a mile distant. The way led through cedar trees, and amongst rocks interspersed with shrubs, bushes, and flowers, almost to the water's edge. Tom Smith walked by the side of Fanny Blake. A curious compound of sense and sentiment, of a tender heart and a tough body, was Tom Smith. A wiry little fellow he was; and although he was scarcely ever seen with a book in his hand, he was better "up" in polite literature,

whether modern or ancient, than any six of us put together.

Suddenly Tom Smith stooped and picked up some queer-looking substance. "Why, this is a piece of amberggris, I do believe," he exclaimed. We crowded round the lucky finder; but upon examination it proved to be nothing but an infinitesimal number of minute shells clotted together with some glutinous substance, probably the *débris* of a jelly-fish.

"But, Mr. Smith, there is no amberggris here, is there?" asked Fanny Blake.

"No amberggris in Bermuda!" cried Tom; "does not the poetic renegade Waller say, in his 'Battle of the Summer Islands'—

'Where shining pearl, coral, and many a pound,
On the rich shore, of Amberggris is found?'"

"Oh yes, and I assure you it is quite true; both pearls and amberggris have been found here, to my certain knowledge," remarked Mrs. Foljam. This was conclusive; the evidence of the oldest inhabitant, or, at all events, one of them, added to the authority of Waller, (who, by the by, probably knew nothing at all about the matter,) was conclusive.

"Why do you call Waller 'a renegade,' Mr. Smith?" asked Miss Blake, as we again resumed our walk.

"Because Waller plotted a plot, betrayed his confederates, flattered Cromwell, and eulogized Charles II; but do not let us waste a thought, either upon his poetic fancy or his prosaic facts; they are not worth it, believe me, and are sadly out of place amidst the beauties of nature (a side glance at his companion) which surround us."

"How can poetry be out of place amidst the beauties of nature, especially when the subject of the poem is Bermuda?" asked the unconscious Fanny. "That's a poser, Master Tom," thinks I to myself; so little did I know the resources of our "bow-ow."

"The poem I allude to, Miss Blake," he replied, "is, in my humble opinion, a rhapsodical piece of nonsense, high-flown and improbable. The beauty I see around me is sweet, calm, and rational; delightful to the eye (another glance), and pleasing to the mind; hence I say that 'The Battle of the Summer Islands' is out of place here—"

"Come," said Jones, "'belay all that,' Tom, and let's 'heave a-head,' or we shall never 'fetch' the caves."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Tom, touching his hat; "will you make sail, Miss Blake, if you please?" he added.

"Make a sail? I can't, Mr. Smith," was the innocent rejoinder; and she continued, "What did Mr. Jones mean by 'fetching the caves'? I thought they were immense great places—fetch something out of them, I suppose."

"It is a nautical term," explained Smith; "and the meaning attached to it is, *more nautical*, the exact contrary to that with which we ignorant landmen have clothed it; 'fetch,' in the language of the sea, means 'reach,' 'arrive at.' Commodore Jones did not intend to insinuate that he had despatched a boat's crew to bring the caves to us, but that we had better walk a little quicker, or we should never reach the caves; which you never will,

Miss Blake, if you stumble so frequently—allow me." He offered his arm, which was accepted. I said nothing, but I know what I thought.

The caves at Bermuda are, to tell the truth, very much like other caves, full of huge masses of rock, which lie about in every conceivable form, whilst stalactites and stalagmites, of every imaginable size and shape, hang pendant from the roof, and cluster in the dim and deep recesses of the cavern. Lights, blue, red, and yellow, had been of course provided, and the wonders of the cave were duly illuminated. As we advanced, the way became very rough, and the passages from one chamber to another exceedingly narrow and low; the ladies really *did* require assistance here. I was creeping along on my hands and knees, through one of these dark labyrinths, when my head came into sudden contact with a protruding petrification, whether stalactite or stalagmite I am unable to inform you, the darkness being intense. I said not a word, but I rubbed my head, with no good feeling towards the offending spar.

"Where are you?" I heard a soft voice softly whisper behind me.

"Here, just in front of you; give me your hand; I am going backwards and will guide you; keep your head low, or you may strike it against one of these horrid stalactites."

That you may indeed, I thought, but did not say, for I recognised both voices, and came to the instantaneous conclusion that their owners required neither my advice nor assistance, and consequently I crawled away as swiftly and as silently as might be. I emerged suddenly into a lofty chamber, brilliantly lighted and full of company, for I was last but two. For a few seconds I could see nothing: my eyes were dazzled by the flood of light. In a brief space I looked around and understood what I saw. Truly it was a strange and a beautiful sight.

The reflections and prismatic rays which flashed from the innumerable crystals, of the largest size and the most grotesque and fanciful shapes, which everywhere surrounded us, were beyond description wonderful and enchanting. I can never prove it, but I feel certain that the garden of Aladdin, full of ruby peaches and emerald nectarines, would have faded into insignificance by the side of that magic chamber.

BOOTS AND SHOES.

THE inscription "Boot and Shoe Maker" universally marks, with us, one of the most general and ancient of all handicrafts. It does not seem open at first sight to exception, though really, if attention is paid to points of etiquette, rank, and antiquity, in relation to the articles so called, the arrangement of the words must be reversed. "Gentlemen and Ladies" would be a somewhat analogous mode of address on appearing before an audience of both sexes. Shoes are certainly entitled to the precedence, as having been for ages eminently characteristic of the fair sex, whatever may be the case at present. On the other hand, their congeners are so distinctive of the

masculines, that "Boots" has become the name of a living biped, known at village inns and town hotels, from John o' Groats to the Land's End, who duly makes his appearance when called for by excursionist and commercial travellers, the toils of the day over, to relieve them of their nether vestments.

A Robert, Duke of Normandy, acquired the surname of "Short Boots," from wearing them in opposition to the fashionables of his day. But an imperial master of the world has had his proper style of Caius Cæsar completely superseded in popular remembrance, from having worn the military shoe of his time when a child, the *Caliga* of the Romans, whence *Caligula*. Bringing the light of antiquity to bear upon the case of shoes *versus* boots, the decision is clearly in favour of the priority of the former, though it is perfectly true that leggings of very respectable dimensions, reaching quite up to the knee, are pictorially represented on the limbs of the old Egyptians. A boot is in fact only a shoe of larger size—an elongated variety of the species; and species must exist before a variety can be introduced. Even the shoe properly so called, of primeval times, had doubtless a precursor of a humbler kind, or a covering simply intended to protect the sole of the foot from injury while tramping along the thorny and flinty highways of the world. A protection to this limited extent has always marked the first step of nations advancing from the barefooted condition to the comfort and dignity of upper leather. We shall be justified, therefore, in dwelling chiefly upon shoes and their makers.

There have been men silly enough to be ashamed of the commercial callings by which they have risen to social distinction, while others have equally proclaimed their silliness by referring to such occupations with disdain. But some notable instances to the contrary are on record. Sir Joseph Yorke, in the heat of parliamentary debate, once angrily referred to Whitbread as "a brewer of bad porter." Great was the uproar in the house, made by the friends of the assailed member. Great too was the relief of the Speaker, when, fixing his eyes upon the brewer, the two instantly came to an understanding. Whitbread got up, as soon as the row had subsided a little, and very good humouredly remarked, "Mr. Speaker, I rise as a tradesman, to complain of the gallant officer for abusing the commodity which I sell." The angry elements became calm in a moment, and a general laugh followed the storm. James Lackington, at first a shoemaker, then a bookseller, acquired a fortune in the latter vocation. In allusion to the practical defiance thus successfully offered to the advice of Apelles, *Ne sutor ultra crepidam*, "Let not the shoemaker go beyond his last," he inscribed the proud boast on the title-page of his *Memoirs, Sutor ultra crepidam feliciter ausus*. In one of the obscure streets of the metropolis, he followed for a time the two occupations in conjunction, keeping a stall of old books at his door, while busy with wax-ends in the interior, and rose in the world by adopting the small-profit system, which a painter proposed to record upon his carriage, producing the motto, "Small profits

does this." However it may now fare with shoes, the book trade is still carried on in odd companionship; for, turning aside the other day in a leading thoroughfare, to look at some volumes in a shop-window, sundry labels claimed attention on three several panes of glass, one under the other: "Books lent to read—Hot baked apples;" "Books bought in any quantity—Hot baked apples;" "Old parchment and paper bought—Hot baked apples."

Shoemakers there have been, as well as prime ministers, with ample reason to be ashamed of themselves, turning out bad work, as the result of negligence or want of skill; and the title specially appropriated to artists in leather of the ruder description, that of "cobbler," is commonly extended to any one not well up in his vocation. But this application of the term gives it a sinister meaning, foreign to the real significance; for to "cobbler" is simply to join or knit together, which may be well or ill done, according to circumstances. However, the word occurs in honourable connections in our literature. "As good," said Tyndall, "is the prayer of a cobbler as that of a cardinal;" and who can gainsay the sentiment? In articles of impeachment against Barlow, it was alleged that "he affirmed and said, wheresoever two or three simple persons, as two cobbles or weavers, were in company, and elected in the name of God, there was the true church of God"—an opinion to which a host of the people of England will now subscribe. But neither shoemakers nor cobblers have any place as such in our statutes. They appear as "cordwainers," under which name companies of the craft were in former times incorporated. This is apparently a corruption of the French *cordonnier*, which means a maker up of Cordova leather.

Very worthy and some celebrated men have followed the calling. We must pass by St. Anianus, according to Butler a contemporary of Mark the Evangelist, along with the Wandering Jew of a wild tradition, and also Crispin and Crispinian, brothers and martyrs, who have all the repute of belonging to the trade. Coming down to modern times, Bradburn, the famous preacher in the early days of Methodism, was at first a working shoemaker. Carey, the missionary, who went out to India to supply its millions with the Scriptures in their own vernacular, originally sat with last in hand upon a low bench at the village of Hackleton, in Northamptonshire. Drew did the same at St. Austle, and thought his way to the production of his "Essay on the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul," which established his fame as a theological metaphysician. Bloomfield, who embodied his experience of Suffolk rural life in the "Farmer's Boy," wrote the poem in a poor garret of the metropolis, 14, Bell Alley, Coleman Street, while at work shoemaking with six or seven others, who paid each a shilling a week for their lodging. Twenty thousand copies were speedily disposed of, and translations appeared in French, Italian, and Latin. The poet afterwards carried on the trade of ladies' shoemaker, to which, being an amateur in music, he added the employment of making Æolian harps. To these names may be added those of Fox, founder of the Society of Friends; Gifford,

the classic scholar, translator, and editor; and Pounds, the founder of Ragged Schools.

Like all other parts of human attire, shoes have varied greatly in shape and material. Our forefathers, at the dawn of civilization, were doubtless content with a rude kind of sandal, consisting of a flat sole of wood or hide, fastened with a thong of rush or skin above the ankle. No nice measurement was required to secure a fit—a prime advantage this in the eye of Paddy, appertaining to his own corresponding brogues. Rory O'More ingeniously pleaded it when endeavouring to dissuade the priest from patronising fashionable town-made craft. "Is it thin the measure ye want, yer Riverence—see that now! You'd think that they were cliverer in the town than in the counthry, but ye see that we are before them intirely; bekase they never throuble in the counthry at all with takin' the measure. But you jist go to a fair, and bring your feet along wid ye, and somebody else dhriues a cart load of brogues into the place, and then you sarve yourself, and so the man gits his money, and you git your shoes—and every one's plased. Now isn't that betther than sich botches in Dublin, that must have the measure, and keep you waitin'?" But in a comparatively polished state of society fashion was sufficiently fantastic to discard measurement in relation to the length of the foot, for shoes were worn with narrow-pointed toes, sometimes iron-spiked, elongated to a preposterous extent. Towards the middle of the last century, a Lincolnshire labourer digging peat on one of the moors, discovered the body of a woman, a lady of the olden time, at the depth of six feet, lying with the head and feet nearly bent together. The hair, skin, and nails were in a high state of preservation, owing to the antiseptic properties of the peat. She wore leathern shoes, or sandals, each cut out of a single piece of tanned ox-hide, folding about the foot and heel, and piked with iron. Chaucer mentions shoes of this description as part of the costume in his time; so that the body had evidently been embedded some four or five centuries.

D'Israeli the elder refers the introduction of the elongated shoe to Henry Plantagenet, Duke of Anjou, 1132–1189, who had an excrescence on one of his feet, which it was intended to conceal. The fashion was no sooner broached than followed, in the rage for novelty, though the clergy vehemently inveighed against it, and the religious orders were rigorously forbidden to adopt it. The habit did not long maintain its ground, but was afterwards revived, and with greater elongation than ever, till sumptuary laws were passed to restrain extremes in length. Under Edward IV, any shoemaker who made for unprivileged persons, or the unennobled, shoes or boots the toes of which exceeded two inches in length, became liable to a fine of twenty shillings; and all who wore them were to be mulcted, or consent to have their proportions shortened, on passing in or out of the city gates of London. An opposite extreme arose. Broad toes succeeded to the long and narrow, till by proclamation Queen Mary prohibited her loving subjects from wearing shoes wider at the toe than six inches—a very respectable expansion. High-heeled

shoes then came into vogue, under the name of *chopines*, to which Shakespeare refers: "Your ladyship is nearer heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine." Rich and expensive shoe-ties next had their day, consisting of large ribbons and lace rosettes, as elaborate as the ruff for the neck and ruffles for the wrist. Hence Taylor, the Water Poet, speaks of those who

"Wear a farm in shoe-strings edged with gold,
And spangled garters worth a copy-hold."

Buckles succeeded to the ribbons and roses, about the time that the dynasty changed, in 1688, and gradually increased in size, till, in the reign of George III, they were worn so large as to give rise to a caricature, entitled, "Buckles and Buttons, or I'm the Thing." This soon sealed their fate in upper circles, and gradually in the lower, although the makers struggled manfully on their behalf, and succeeded in securing the good offices of the highest authority in costume, the Prince of Wales, afterwards George IV. He agreed for a time to stand by buckles, but it was of no use. The world had made up its mind to discard them, and shoe-strings triumphed.

It will only be fair now to say a word or two about boots, or coverings for the legs as well as the feet, early worn, and established as an article of knightly dress, with tops and spurs, in the declining age of chivalry. The subsequent changes have been many, and sometimes odd; for in the reign of Charles I, a low boot came into use, so exceedingly wide at the top, as to oblige the wearer to walk with a very awkward straddle. To this followed the jack-boot, a huge fellow, reaching above the knee, also capacious at top, and very strongly made, universal with cavalry regiments in the time of William III. It was eventually discarded as cumbrous; but an amended edition is still worn by the Horse Guards. The great jack may be considered the parent of the top-boot—one of shorter stature, with yellow upper-leather—quite as general with gentlemen in the last century, and the beginning of the present, worn in the House of Commons within the memory of present members, as by Sir Francis Burdett. It still continues in partial use, and will perhaps be permanent with jockeys and riders. The Hessian contributed to supersede it, worn with a tassel over tight pantaloons, the attire of general officers in the early part of the long continental war. This was supplanted by the well-known Wellington, adopted by the Iron Duke, which, in its turn, has largely given place to the short elastic Bluchers. The Wellington still keeps its ground in the United States, but in a strange fashion, the trowsers being crammed in loosely at the top.

The manufacture of the nether costume is an art as well as a craft. So says the celebrated Dutch anatomist Camper, in a treatise on "the best form of shoe."* Different cities, he states, require shoes of differing properties; for, according as the streets are strewn with gravel, paved

* Under the title of "The Foot and its Covering," a little volume, full of curious and useful information, has lately been published (Hardwicke, Piccadilly) by James Dowie, Bootmaker. It contains a translation of Camper's work.

with flints, or with flat stones, men acquire different habits of walking, so that a shoe fit for London is not fit for the Hague, and a good shoe at the Hague is a bad one at Amsterdam. All men, he tells us, do not walk alike, which is very apparent; women do not walk like men, a point equally clear; and old men do not march along like the young and middle-aged, or old women either, which cannot be disputed. Educational habit, we also learn, has an influence upon the form of the feet; for while a gentleman turns out his toes, a rustic, and especially a boatman, turns them in. Then, as most persons know experimentally, there are such things as corns and bunions, occasioned by undue compression of the foot, apt to make men touchy, as well as their helpmates, all the world over. The fraternity charged with catering for the lower extremities are bound to provide them with sufficient accommodation, without inelegant redundancy, else mankind may be tempted to adopt the vengeful remedy for the twinging excrescences, suggested by Marcellus, "Burn the shoes, and apply the ashes mingled with oil," and thus return to the barefooted state, to the utter ruin of the trade.

One of the largest shoe warehouses in the world, belonging to Mr. E. H. Rabbits, appears conspicuous in the great metropolitan thoroughfare alongside the Elephant and Castle. So rarely did the name of this well-known tavern puzzle the French, on reading of the emperor and empress passing by it, upon their entrance into London. The first idea suggested was that of a real live beast, with a mimic fortress on his back. But this being ineligible, opinion finally decided in favour of *une grande place* so called. There certainly was no grandeur about the spot at that time; but appearances have since wonderfully altered. A row of antiquated, dingy, and dwarfish almshouses, belonging to the Fishmongers' Company, then fronted the place so mysteriously named to our foreign friends. These have now vanished, and in their stead we have Mr. Spurgeon's superb Tabernacle, and the striking warehouse in question, called the Elephant Buildings, the capital of about a dozen kindred shops, upon a smaller scale, scattered through the city and its suburbs. Crispinites of bygone times would indeed stare with wonder could they open their eyes upon such an erection devoted to their products, and think of the old saying as a truism, "Nothing like leather!" The effect is striking at night, when the many windows are lit up with gas.

Roused from reverie by the cry of "Elephant" from the omnibus conductor, we stepped across the road, readily gained admission to the premises, and were courteously shown over them, in itself a long walk of inspection. The building is one of the loftiest of its class in London. It rises sixty-eight feet from the pavement, has a basement story besides, and a curved frontage of a hundred and eighty-one feet. An ascent of ninety-nine steps leads to the topmost room, and, taken at once, the flight is somewhat taxing to limbs and lungs. The windows here command a wide area of the huge city, and the view is imposing on a fine day. All the upper rooms are for stores, full of racks or "shoe-horses,"

analogous to the clothes-horse of the fireside, arranged in file, upon each of which, or upon a set, kindred wares are suspended. Every article has the price marked upon it in plain figures. We passed to and fro amid an army of boots, shoes, slippers, and goloshes, of various shapes, colours, names, and qualities, as intended for men, women, and children. There were "Kid side springs," and "Kid side laces," "Cashmeres," and "Balmorals," "Memel boots," "Wellingtons," and "Bluchers," in profusion. Here was a strong battalion of stalwart blacks with shiny faces, there a lighter made brigade of sober drabs, and anon a detachment of greys or lavenders, with an out-post of delicate whites, all stationed in order, and ready for active service.

In this branch of manufacture, the actual shoemaker is not a shopman. He receives at the warehouse the prepared materials, and makes them up in his own dwelling, his wife or children performing the binding. The shopmen chiefly consist of "clickers," who cut out the upper leather, and of "rough stuff cutters," who do the same for the soles, with a few women in attendance upon sewing machines, of which but sparing use is yet made. In the basement story, some stacks of wood attracted notice, which we were told were of beech, intended for lasts, all of which are made upon the spot. Near upon four hundred persons are constantly employed in the business of this house, who receive their earnings, half of them on a Friday, and the other half on Saturday morning. The whole building is kept comfortably warm in the coldest weather, by means of hot water sustained by three furnaces; and it will give a good idea of its size to state, that full half a mile of iron-piping is employed in effecting this purpose. Stabling for horses and sheds for carts are among the appurtenances, with a perambulating watchman by night. On retiring, the spacious shop, divided into parlour-like compartments, was brilliantly lighted, and with its numerous attendants waiting upon groups of customers, presented an animating scene. What particularly struck us as a remarkable feature of this establishment, and which is certainly unique, is a lecture-hall, sixty feet long, not yet quite complete, intended to be devoted to the general interests of philanthropy and religion, as well as used by the workmen, several of whom are quite competent to discourse *ultra crepidam* to their superiors in station.

At the census of 1851, there were eighty masters of all kinds in London, employing more than a hundred men each—a less number than might have been supposed. Of these, twenty-two were builders, six engineers, five shoemakers, and five were printers. The chief shoemaking districts in the metropolis are St. Pancras and Marylebone in the north, Walworth and Newington in the south, Whitechapel and Bethnal Green in the east. The occupation is not a healthy one. The artisan is sedentary, and works in a posture by which digestion and circulation are so much impaired that the countenance marks a shoemaker as much as a tailor. Dr. Thackrah states that, in the few who live to old age, there is often a remarkable hollow at

the base of the breast-bone, caused by the pressure of the last. Models of standing benches to work at have long been exhibited, as at the Society of Arts, intended to remedy the posture, but they have not been adopted, and there are most likely practical difficulties in the way of their use. Stafford and Northampton are the great country centres of production, the former for ladies' shoes, the latter for men's, where government orders for the army, navy, and police, are chiefly executed. Among the occupations of the people, in point of numbers employed, the agricultural labourers of course stand first, then the labourers undefined, and next the shoemakers, of whom there were at the last recorded census, 274,451 in Great Britain, exceeding the number of those engaged upon other vestments, whether tailors, milliners, or hatters. The reason of this is obvious. With the exception of a few unfortunate outcasts, every man, woman, and child in the kingdom wears either boots or shoes, while the services of the others are not required by both sexes, for men do not need milliners, nor women tailors. Then the repair of shoes is an important branch of trade, and demands a skilled artisan more than other parts of human attire. Nothing is more usual with the lower classes than for the wife to stitch and patch the tattered garb of the husband; and in the instance of a bachelor or widower, many a garret has had its lonely occupant intent upon rather a novel enterprise, winking one eye to thread the needle, and mend his rent habiliments. But to sole or heel, welt or patch, either boots or shoes, is a high accomplishment, quite beyond the reach of unpractised mortals. So we leave the shoemakers in full prospect of maintaining their proud position, as numerically at the head of the common handicrafts, advising them to guard against the physical ills incident to their calling, by exercising their limbs and breathing fresh air whenever practicable.

A FEW DAYS IN HOLLAND.

"SURELY that long low bank of fog can never be Holland," was my doubting exclamation to a moon-faced Dutch sailor, who was leaning lazily against the iron railing on the captain's bridge, and who had pointed to it in answer to my question, "When shall we see the land?" Yes, that bank of cloud, as I took it to be, was really Holland—the land which its inhabitants found so hard to get, and find so hard to keep. Soon the sandbanks on the shore would come into view; right a-head was the bar at the mouth of the Maas; and in that clump of trees just visible—to him, but not to me—against the sky, was the little town of Brielle. And having presented me with these, and some other items of geographical detail, during the delivery of which the full-moon face had beamed with a smile of national self-complacency, (if I may use the expression,) the old salt replenished his quid, crossed his legs—which, by the by, were encased in garments something, but not much, under three feet in circumference—and relapsed into a state of calm satisfaction as he contemplated the long stretch of his native land every moment becoming more distinct. And

if he felt in good humour at being once more in the region of dykes and canals, duckweed and frogs, tobacco and Hollands gin, surely there was reason for us to rejoice when, after a long and weary night, during which the passengers and the ship's timbers were apparently trying to outdo each other in the production of mournful sounds, we found ourselves in smooth water, steaming rapidly up the Maas, and taking our first view of the Hollow Land, which modern folks write and call Holland.

This first view is not very encouraging. The land is low, and at the water's edge is bordered with osiers and sedges, among which the sea-gulls earn a great part of their livelihood at the expense of the smelts, who are the regular *habitués*. The pastures look rather ragged; the grass seems to be coarse. The river is muddy, and the amount of duckweed on the ditches which open into it is not pleasing to English eyes. But redeeming features exist. The country seems well wooded. Brielle, the first town you come to, is almost enshrouded in trees, from the midst of which the church throws up its huge spire. Then little fishing stations and salmon weirs attract the attention. Pretty little country houses, with their green blinds and immaculately clean windows, reveal themselves, and before half the distance from the mouth of the river to Rotterdam (about twenty miles) is traversed, you cannot but notice one of the great characteristics of the Dutch—their intense love of cleanliness.

Some description of Rotterdam has already appeared in these pages, and so I omit all mention of its celebrities. I will only observe, that it deserves all that has been said in its praise, and I transcribe from my journal a part of an entry on the subject. "We felt, after seeing but little of Rotterdam, that its great sights, the churches and statues, after which visitors are usually most eager, were of less interest than the mere sight of the people and their modes of life. A city as full of canals as Venice, and these swarming with all sort of craft, from ships of large size to the clean, bright, oddly-painted Rhine boats, and *trekschuyten*; little urchins playing about in very odd costume; the women washing their clothes in the canals, or towing the barges along (a sight which we did not at all admire), or pumping up water from a little hand-engine on to the front of a house, and then scouring away at the windows with a broom, the handle of which is often over thirty feet long; the wooden shoes; the mirrors projecting from the windows, and so placed that persons sitting inside can see all who approach the house in either direction; the odd language; and the aspect of intense purity and brightness which everything presents: these, and many other kindred sights and sounds, which may be seen and heard any day in a Dutch city, have surely enough of novelty in them to interest an Englishman."

The next morning we left by the railway for the Hague, in charge of a "commissionaire"—an individual whose services we always dispense with as far as practicable; but he was needed that day, as much was to be seen in a few hours. The rails on this line are laid on the same plan as those of the Great Western, and the engines appeared to be of

the same construction. Two guards accompany the train, wearing suspended over their chests a horn, which is lustily and melodiously winded as the signal for starting. A good-tempered Dutch girl, who was in the carriage with us, and who could speak a little English and a little French, gave us some lessons in her mother tongue, and soon convinced me that it would be possible in a very little time to acquire a sufficient knowledge of the language to make ourselves understood without difficulty. Indeed, before we had been two days in Holland, we considered ourselves competent to negotiate with the keeper of any shop or stall for the purchase of his wares. We soon found that the politeness of the Dutch invariably required the "Als het u blieft" and "Dank u" (*Anglicé*, "If you please," and "Thank you"); and when the mystery of guilders, stivers, and cents is comprehended, we were surprised to find how much could be done with a few coins, and the question, "Hoe veel kost het?" An Englishman and Dutchman of average capacity will not find much difficulty in explaining to each other their every-day wants, and a vocabulary, superior to any one made of print and paper, may soon be constructed. The similarity between their words and ours is sometimes remarkable. Who could mistake such announcements as these, over a shop door, "Tabak, Snui, en Sigaren," or, "Brood en Koekbakker." But we saw one in Holland a few days after, the meaning of which is certainly not very apparent to an Englishman, "Donderdagschverkoopshuis van Meubelen," "On Thursdays this house is open for the sale of furniture."

But here we are at the Hague, which makes quite as good a show of water, boats, and duck-weed as Rotterdam. It is, however, the seat of the Dutch aristocracy, and therefore abounds in good houses, shops, streets, and avenues. First we saw the museum, in which, among thousands of interesting objects, the Japanese collection, so extensive and unique, carries off the palm. The picture gallery above contains some of the finest paintings in the world. Although we are but poor judges of paintings, we could not but admire the life-like appearance of Paul Potter's far-famed Bull. Two centuries have passed away since the canvas received its colouring, but it is still fresh and vivid; and to such an extent do the figures appear to "stand out," to use the popular phrase, that you are almost tempted to go up and pat the bull, or to send for a barber to shave the old man. Rembrandt's Surgeon Dissecting is beautifully executed, but Mr. Murray is certainly correct when he says that the subject is not a very pleasant one. In their different ways, all the pictures in the Collection are very good, and with this sweeping commendation we must dismiss them, for neither patience nor ability will suffice to refer to those we remember with pleasure.

After giving a glance round the cathedral, and at the Old Hall, in which the lotteries are now drawn, we drove round the town, and then to the "Palace in the Wood." We had heard of this palace, and the concluding words of its name sounded so deliciously cool and refreshing—for the day was excessively hot—that we were anxious to see it.

Leaving the town by a fine broad road, a very few minutes' drive brings you to the border of the wood, which is, I believe, almost the only relic of the forests which covered the whole of this tract in the time of the Romans. But this relic is a noble one, for it stretches from the Hague to Leyden, a distance of between nine and ten miles, and is thoroughly rustic. It is true that a broad road traverses it, paved, like many other roads in Holland, with bricks placed on end; and that, at far distant intervals, a rope is stretched from tree to tree at a considerable height above the road, from the middle of which a lamp is suspended. But beyond this, there is little of man, though much of nature, in the two miles which we traversed before the palace is reached.

And a right pleasant place we found it, in the depths of the cool glades. It is, of course, surrounded by water and duckweed, and the exterior has not much architectural beauty to boast of. The first room we were shown into was the dining-room. This palace is the summer residence of the Queen of Holland. With our notions of royalty at home, we were surprised to learn that the Queen was then in the building, and that the cloth was laid in the dining-room for her dinner.

The only intimation we had of her being at home was that the attendant, when we went into the ball-room, which opens, if I remember rightly, on to a balcony, said, "Please not to talk loudly, as the Queen is just outside;" and in a second or two she passed by the window, accompanied by her secretary. The dining-room is small, but very elegant. The ceiling is of a spotless white and beautifully moulded, and two of the panels are ornamented by paintings so much resembling bas-relief that we could not believe they were anything else until we went up to touch them. The drawing and reception-rooms are very fine, and contain many curiosities from Japan. But the ball-room excels all. It is multi-lateral, and terminates in a dome, which is more than one hundred feet from the floor. The sides and the dome are painted in a manner, perhaps, somewhat gaudy, but still, to our taste at least, very beautiful, and an effect is produced which I shall not attempt to describe. We were told at Rotterdam that a visit to the Palace in the Wood would alone repay us for the trouble of the journey from England, and we almost agreed with it. We can only say that those who leave the Hague without seeing it, miss one of the best, if not *the* best, sight the place affords.

The character of the country traversed by the railway from the Hague to Leyden is much the same as that which we had previously seen. It certainly would be a very dreary land were it not for the abundance of wood; and many of the dark miry pools and ditches are almost entirely hidden by the bright green sedges and reeds, or young willows, growing in and over them, which not only hide deformity and give variety to the landscape, but also perform another service, doubtless far more important to a Dutchman; they add largely to the revenue of the country, being exported to England in great quantities, for the manufacture of chair bottoms and baskets.

[To be continued.]

VARIETIES.

PEACEFUL EFFECT OF THE VOLUNTEER MOVEMENT.—The volunteer force has had much the same effect upon Europe as the proceedings on the 10th of April, 1848, produced upon America. I was in that country at the time, and the Americans thought that their "old mother," as they called our land, was entirely used up. When the steamer arrived which they expected would bring Queen Victoria to their shores, they were astonished to learn the news of what had taken place upon the 10th of April; and the impression which that intelligence produced upon the public mind of the strength of England was one of the most marvellous revolutions ever worked in a nation.—*Speech of Lord Elgin.*

THE POPULATION OF FRANCE.—An interesting document has lately been published in Paris, giving the number of individuals in France at the date of the last census (1856), who were engaged directly or indirectly in various professions and trades, from which they derived their support. The returns include, not only adults, but also children, and are thus classed:—

Agriculture	19,064,071
Manufactures	10,690,961
Commerce	1,652,331
Professions	1,462,144
Clergy of all persuasions	142,705
Persons without any trade or profession	3,241,457

A comparison between the population returns of 1851 and 1856 shows a sensible diminution in the number of persons engaged in agricultural labour, and an increase in the class following manufacturing pursuits. Here are the figures:—

	1851.	1856.
Agriculture	21,992,374	19,061,071
Manufactures and trade	9,233,895	12,202,391
Professions	3,483,538	3,262,282
Without profession or trade	1,022,063	1,433,925
	35,732,370	36,000,669

GERMAN RATIONALISM.—Wolf must decidedly and distinctly give his testimony, in such a way as cannot be mistaken, against that whole body of those gentlemen who have trodden in the footsteps of the philosopher Jacobi, and Baron von Bunsen, of Germany, who have done all in their power to undervalue the belief in the plenary inspiration of Holy Writ, and the great doctrine of the Atonement, as this is not only stated clearly and distinctly, and typified by Holy Writ in the Old Testament, and interpreted and commented upon in the New Testament, but is also illustrated by the power of holy tradition and the customs of all nations. For Wolf takes it for granted that every doctrine which is new, and every explanation of Scripture which produces a new doctrine, of which the church in every age knew nothing, is a false doctrine, and is a doctrine which has been conceived by German professors, who find fault with everything in the Bible which does not savour of the sentiments of a German professor, and cannot be brought down to the very low level of human reason. Reason is their idol—the image which they have set up—which they to-day worship, and which is to-morrow pulled down by one of their own followers, who worships the same image in a new form.—*Dr. Wolff's Autobiography.*

THE WALCHEREN EXPEDITION.—At length government came to the decision that from the overwhelming sickness and mortality which had occurred at Walcheren, one of the members of the Army Medical Board should be ordered to proceed thither to investigate and report home. Accordingly, the Physician-General to the Army, Sir Lucas Pepys, was ordered to proceed thither. But in an evil hour he declined; and what was his excuse? That he was not acquainted with the diseases of the soldier in camp or in quarters. Equally unfortunate it was that neither of the other two members volunteered their

services. This unfortunate constitution of the Army Medical Board not only excited at the time much ridicule and contempt, but provoked an expression of great indignation in parliament. In this very awkward state of affairs, none of the members of the Board feeling inclined to adventure a voyage to Walcheren, they ordered two of the oldest medical officers to go out, Dr. Borland, Inspector-General of Hospitals, and Dr. Lempriere, Physician to the Forces, with whom was associated Sir Gilbert Blane, an eminent physician in London, who had been in the navy, and volunteered his services. These three gentlemen went out to see with their own eyes, and report on the state of matters at Walcheren. They remained a few days; saw the pitiable plight of the army, and the immense mass of sickness and mortality; but I believe they could recommend nothing further than the removal of the remains of the army to England from the pestiferous region in which it was located.—*Autobiography of Sir James McGrigor, Bart., M.D.*

BRITISH BIRDS FOR AUSTRALIA.—The "Prince of Wales" landed a rare and valuable collection of birds, selected by Mr. Edward Wilson, for Victoria. They consist of two pairs of white swans, three pairs of Canadian geese, three pairs of China geese, three pairs of Egyptian geese, three pairs of barnacle geese, five curleups, six pairs of golden and six pairs of silver pheasants, nine common pheasants (presented by the Duke of Newcastle), two widgeons, nine shell ducks, eight ortolans, nineteen wild ducks, seven call ducks, six Carolina ducks, two trent geese, two white-fronted geese, and ten turtle-doves. They were all in splendid condition, showing that the greatest care and attention had been paid them during the passage. As a proof of their health, Mr. Lacy (who has charge of the consignment) has six silver and three China goose eggs, which were laid some few days before the ship reached port. The mortality, however, was great, about 100 of the birds out of 233 put on board having died during the unusually protracted voyage. It was greatest amongst the widgeons, teal, pintails, and ortolans.—*Australian and New Zealand Gazette.*

NOBLE PROJECT OF CROMWELL.—It is recorded by Bishop Burnet, in his Memoirs, that Stoupe, Cromwell's Private Secretary, told him of "a great design Cromwell had intended to begin his kingship with, if he had assumed it. He resolved to set up a Council for the Protestant Religion, in opposition to the Congregation de Propaganda Fide at Rome. He intended it should consist of seven Councillors and four Secretaries for different provinces of Christendom. The Secretaries were to keep correspondence everywhere, to know the state of religion all over the world, that so all good designs might by their means be protected and assisted. They were to have a fund of £10,000 a year at their disposal, for ordinary emergencies, but to be further supplied as occasions should require it. Chelsea College was to be made up for them, which was then an old decayed building, that had at first been raised to be a College for writers of controversy. I thought it was not fit to let such a project as this be quite lost; it was certainly a noble one; but how far he would have pursued it must be left to conjecture."

PROGRESSIVE POPULATION OF ENGLAND AND WALES.—The table of population at each of the censuses from 1801-61 gives the following results, together with the actual increase and rates of increase in the decennial periods:—Population: 1801, 9,156,171; 1811, 10,454,529; 1821, 12,172,664; 1831, 14,051,986; 1841, 16,035,198; 1851, 18,054,170; 1861, 20,223,746. Actual increase in the decennial period 1801-11, 1,298,358; ditto 1811-21, 1,718,135; ditto 1821-31, 1,879,322; ditto 1831-41, 1,983,212; ditto 1841-51, 2,018,972; ditto 1851-61, 2,169,576. Decennial rates of increase: 1801-11, 14 per cent.; 1811-21, 16 per cent.; 1821-31, 15 per cent.; 1831-41, 14 per cent.; 1841-51, 13 per cent.; 1851-61, 12 per cent.

OR,
CHAPTER

The follo
Harringt
bridesma
respectab
No. 50